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Sculpture Garden

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Three Poems · *Joseph Duemer*

SCULPTURE GARDEN

Crows break up the afternoon.
Their laughter is complete.
What do I care about?
I knew she would be my wife
when she ran her fingernail
along my arm as the orchestra
was beginning some slow
Mozart. The stars poured down
a parsimonious trembling
light, and we kissed leaning
against a mother and child
by Henry Moore, near a bird
by Calder, and a stainless tree
by David Smith. Who says
that art is dead? He must
answer to the muse's hardest
kiss. Let there be light.
The laughter of crows is
only a figure, a kind of
writing against this summer
sky, but it is convincing,
and as lovely as my wife's
breasts, which touched me
for the first time after
we were both bathed in Mozart.
Let there be dark.